

The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME I.

SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1871.

NUMBER 14.

THE SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT SALINA, KANSAS.

OFFICE:—No. 20 Santa Fe Avenue, nearly opposite the Real Estate office of Mr. John W. Smith.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, \$1.00
One Copy, six months, .60
One Copy, three months, .30

ADVERTISING RATES:

1 Week 1 Month 3 Months 6 Months 1 Year
1 Square, 10 20 50 100 200
2 Squares, 20 40 100 200 400
3 Squares, 30 60 150 300 600
4 Squares, 40 80 200 400 800
5 Squares, 50 100 250 500 1000
6 Squares, 60 120 300 600 1200
7 Squares, 70 140 350 700 1400
8 Squares, 80 160 400 800 1600
9 Squares, 90 180 450 900 1800
10 Squares, 100 200 500 1000 2000

Five lines or less of nonpareil type constitute a square. Double columns and all advertisements of the same length will be charged fifteen per cent. above rates. Bills for regular advertising will be collected quarterly. Where for a long period there is no change in the amount of advertising, bills will be charged quarterly. Regular advertisers will be charged fifteen cents per line for local notices and all others twenty cents per line.

Address all communications to THE JOURNAL, Salina, Kansas.

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. H. PERCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

J. H. SNEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

F. A. & N. A. WILDMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office, No. 28 Seventh St., Salina, Kansas.

J. G. MOBLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Iron Ave., east of the postoffice, Salina, Kansas.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Particular attention given to land matters and any business in U. S. Land Office.

LOWE & HILLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 26 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas.

C. A. LOVE, C. A. HILLEN.

J. O. SPIVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Salina and the adjoining counties.

JOHN POWERS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Government Claims and Land Solicitor. Office over Redfield Bros' hardware store (Aurora's old stand).

A. J. INGERSOLL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office in County Building, Minneapolis, Kansas. Will practice in the courts of Dickinson, Salina, Ottumwa and Council Bluffs.

JOHN W. BERKE, NOTARY PUBLIC, Office at the Central Kansas Land Agency.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

WILLIAM D. BURNHAM, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, Salina, Kansas.

PHYSICIANS.

J. W. CROWLEY, M.D., CLINICAL SURGEON (U.S. VOL. CAV.) Office, No. 24 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. JENNEY, M.D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, No. 24 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. DALEY, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, No. 26 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas. Formerly Surgeon in U. S. Army Hospital.

DENTIST.

DR. M. E. NICHOLS, DENTIST, Office, No. 26 Santa Fe Avenue, (upstairs).

BANKERS.

D. W. POWERS & CO., BANKERS, Exchange and all principal cities of the United States and Europe. Collections made. Interest allowed on deposits. Banking house on Iron Avenue.

D. W. POWERS, D. W. POWERS.

HOTELS.

G. J. LAY, PROPRIETOR, Charge moderate. Corner of Santa Fe and Iron Avenues.

TRAVELERS' HOUSE.

J. W. THOM, PROPRIETOR, Good stable and comfortable accommodations. Minneapolis, Ottumwa and Kansas.

DINING HOUSE.

E. A. SINKER, PROPRIETOR, Corner New Hampshire and Cooking Streets, Lawrence, Kansas.

MECHANICAL.

J. C. STANLEY, CARPENTER, MILLWRIGHT AND CONTRACTOR, Shop opposite Electric Light Company.

JOHN O'BRIEN, BLACKSMITH, Shop on Fifth Street, (at the old building).

R. D. BARRETT, WAGON MAKING AND REPAIRING done in first-class style. Shop in rear of Scott's Drug Store.

NORTH & CONRAD.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS, No. 122, Eighth St., Salina, Kansas. For building purposes, for sale.

J. I. SUTTON, J. D. M. CONRAD.

NICK & SMOUL.

BLACKSMITHS, Shop, Rear of No. 101 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas. Have their old friends and patrons with first-class material, skilled workmen and low prices. All kinds of repairing executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. The best foot cast coal always on hand and for sale at a small advance.

SALOONS.

THE LONE STAR SALOON, BARRY BOHAN, PROPRIETOR, Billiards and Li-quors. Brookville, Kansas.

ELKSHORN BILLIARD SALOON, O. TRUBY & CO., PROPRIETORS, New Billiard Table and elegant furniture. Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. T. WATSON, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, CIGARETTES, PROVISIONS, Etc., No. 26 Santa Fe Avenue.

CHARLES GOETHALS,

MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers of all kinds.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY. See list advertising given to

Sewing Machines, No. 20 Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

L. M. STEELE, H. S. WOODS.

STEELE & WOODEN,

Real Estate & Insurance Agents

MINNEAPOLIS.

OTTAWA COUNTY, KANSAS.

Special attention given to buying Lands and selling same for owners.

OFFICE, ONE DOOR EAST OF COURT HOUSE.

THE CIRCUIT PRAGER.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

His thin wife's cheek grows thin and pale with anxious interest. He sees the old man's eyes grow old and dim. He hears the old man's voice grow old and dim. He feels the old man's heart grow old and dim.

Apert, unsmiling, the heart of George Alford Townsend. He sees the old man's eyes grow old and dim. He hears the old man's voice grow old and dim. He feels the old man's heart grow old and dim.

Then he said to his wife, "I have been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George."

George Alford Townsend was a man of many moods. He was a man of many moods. He was a man of many moods. He was a man of many moods.

"Cheer up, my girl, here Brother Biggs and his wife. He has been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George."

What! George Alford Townsend, who had been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George. I have been thinking of you, George.

A TEXAN'S WEDDING TOLL.

Among the many German emigrants that from time to time landed at Indian Point, on Matagorda Bay, on the coast of Texas, and proceeded inland for hundreds of miles to make a settlement on the extreme frontier of that perilous region was a red-headed lass of seventeen, who, being an orphan and without relatives in the old country, had ventured over to try her fortunes in the new. But though without kin, Gentle Kate, as she was familiarly termed, was not without friends; and the same vessel that brought her over had on board at least six sturdy young fellows who thought her more lovely than any female they ever had seen.

Gentle Kate cast her lot with a newly-married couple, and with them went far northward, to settle in a beautiful spot on the green banks of the Llano. There, strange as it may seem—for there is no accounting for tastes—she saw and fell in love with as rough and ugly a specimen of civilization as could easily be found in a region where the men have always been more celebrated for their pluck than their beauty. Jack Hawksworth measured six feet and two inches, was rough in manner, blunt in speech and had never been inside of a school house in his life, but he had a good heart and the courage of a lion. On one of his hunting excursions he came across Kate and the result was a mutual passion and a marriage.

"Now, then, my little beauty," said Jack, playfully tapping the bride's chin with his long, brown, bony fingers, "I've got the bird, yee see, and I want the cage to put it in. I'm agwine to get the cage, and so just you stay here quiet till I come back."

In her imperfect English, Gentle Kate managed to inquire how long he would be gone, and Jack assured her "it would not be over a thousand years."

He finally took leave of her, in his rude way, and went about fifty miles to the eastward, where, partly on cash and partly on credit, he purchased a small shanty, and land enough to live on comfortably, and then returned for the purpose of removing his bride to his cage.

But judge of his anguish on finding that Kate was lost to him, perhaps forever. The young couple with whom she had made her home in the wilderness were almost frenzied with fear and tribulation. They told him, with tearful eyes and wringing hands, that Kate had the day before gone over to a little prairie grove to gather some flowers, and that shortly after hearing some screams and horrible yells, they had looked out just in time to see her borne off by a party of mounted Indians.

In this direful intelligence Jack Hawksworth sank down on the nearest seat, buried his face in his hands and for a few minutes shook all over like a man with the ague. When he looked up again, his hands and lips were working convulsively, his dark, bronzed features were white and ghastly, large beads of face and his small, black eyes had a piercing, fiery, wicked expression. He staggered to his feet without saying a word, clutched his long rifle with a grip that seemed to sink his fingers into the metal, and then went straight to the spot where his unfortunate wife had been seen in the power of a savage foe. For half an hour he walked to and fro over the ground, minutely examining the footprints of the different horses and calculating the number; and then, falling upon the departing trail, he struck off at a long, steady Indian lope, and soon disappeared from the sight of the excited couple who had come forth to watch him.

The trail led almost directly southward, and all the remainder of that day the old hunter pursued it at the same lope pace. To have been him going over mile after mile of plains, hills, and valleys, steady-belt and stream, at the same lope pace, without once pausing to take breath, or showing the least sign of fatigue, one might have almost fancied him an iron automaton, propelled by untiring machinery. When at length night fell upon him, and he could no longer see the hoof-prints he was following, he threw himself down on the green bank of a running stream, ate a few mouthfuls from his wallet, took a long drink of the water, stretched himself out on the ground and with one hand resting on his trusty rifle almost immediately went to sleep, though in that peculiar condition of mind and body, the result of long experience in scenes of danger, that the slightest unusual sound would be sure to awake him.

Six or seven hours were all the rest that Jack required; and the moon, when that time being well up and pouring down a silvery flood through a cloudless sky, he arose, took another drink and resumed his course on the broad trail. This he followed at a slower pace till daylight once more made it clear before him, and then he hurried forward as on the day preceding.

The sun was perhaps two hours above the horizon, when he reached the place where the Indians had encamped on the night following the capture of his wife. Here he spent some half-an-hour in exam-

ining the different foot-prints; and when among others he found those of his pretty bird, and saw where she had passed the night, his agitation and excitement became painful, and he several times groaned out, as one enduring great bodily suffering.

At length he set his teeth hard, with an unswerving determination, drew his hands over his face and outwardly became more composed. Then he commenced a broad circuit around the camp, to find the departing trail. In doing this he discovered a point where three horses had fled off from the main body; and suspecting these had been detained and sent off with the fair captive in a homeward direction he at once resolved to follow this trail instead of the other.

"Er! I'm wrong," he muttered, "good-bye to little Kate for the present; but I'm right, and it's in one's human nature to do it. I'll her back again, and the scamps of them as tuk her!"

With this he again set forward in the manner described, and, with only now and then a brief rest, continued the same hurried pace till near sunset, when he came upon the previous night's camp of the three Indians, showing that thus far he had gained upon his enemies. With the wildest anxiety of hope and fear he now made an eager search for the foot-prints of his little wife, and when at length he found them, where she had dismounted and been secured to a tree, thus proving that her life had so far been spared and he had taken the proper course, such contending emotions of joy and rage took possession of him—joy at the discovery and rage against her foes—that for a time he was like one demented.

Since branching off from the main body the three warriors had kept a straight course, a little north of west; and on the third day Jack Hawksworth reached a spot, on an open plain, where they had made a halt, probably of short duration, and perhaps to discuss a change of route, and from it, to his surprise, he now found the trail led directly south, toward a range of hills that could barely be discerned in the blue distance.

Knowing that among that among these hills was a rare spring of medicinal water, which the Indians not infrequently visited, it occurred to him that the present party had gone thither, and might perhaps make a halt long enough for him to come up with them. This idea furnished him fresh hope and materially raised his spirits as he started onward again.

When night again fell upon the scene the hills were looming up in rugged lines before him, but still miles away. Knowing the exact location of the spring and that it was so situated as to command a view of the broad plain in the direction of his approach—believing also that the Indians had gone directly thither, and might be there now, which would make it almost impossible for him to advance in daylight without being discovered—he resolved, weary as he was, to push on in the dark and gain a safe position among the hills before morning, even should he not succeed in surprising his enemies while resting in supposed security.

We will not remain with him on that toilsome night-journey, which, connected as it was, with all the fatigue he had previously undergone, required almost superhuman exertions to accomplish. It was life or death to him, he felt, however, and he strained every nerve and muscle to the last tension, and succeeded in reaching the base of the hills in such an exhausted condition, that he was obliged to throw himself down on the earth and rest for an hour, to recover strength enough to go through with what yet yet before him. He had two miles yet to go to reach the spring; and when at last he slowly dragged his aching frame in sight of it, the late moon was already silvering the tops of the trees, and he knew the day was about breaking.

But now there came a thrill of joy to his heart, that sent new life throughout his drooping frame—for now it was he, not the whinny of a horse, only a few rods distant, and felt assured he had not made a fatal mistake in his calculations. Guided by the sound, and moving with the stealthy caution of a panther, he soon reached a grassy and beautiful plateau, where he saw three animals he had so long followed, picketed within half a pistol shot of him. The horse showed some fear at his advance, and more than once snuffed and snorted so loud that he fairly trembled lest their masters should come to learn the cause. He reached them, however, without discovery, and in less than a minute, had cut every throat. As they floundered, fell and kicked they made a noise that roused up the sleeping savages, and brought them upon the ground in frightened haste—but for this the old hunter was prepared. Throwing himself down behind one of the gasping animals, with his long rifle brought to bear upon the point from which the Indians were hurriedly approaching, he waited till he saw a moving shadow between himself and the back-ground of the sky, and then, taking as good an aim at this as the circumstances would permit, he pulled the trigger. With the sharp report the savage dropped, and his companions, close behind, uttered yells of dismay and terror. But their yells were not as loud and terrible as those of the old hunter, as he sprang to his feet, knife in hand, and bounded toward them, assailed by numbers, they turned, with wild shrieks, and fled fast and far, down the steep hills, and escaped in the darkness.

Having thus gained a complete victory, in less time than it has taken us to record the facts, the old hunter now began to shoot the name of his wife; and at the third call he received an answer that sent the blood bounding with the wildest rapture through every vein. In another minute he had reached the side of his darling wife, and cut the cords that bound her; and as she sprang into his rough but manly arms, and clung wildly around his neck, he became so overpowered with his emotions, that he reeled to

and fro, holding her in his embrace, and finally sunk down on the earth, and alternately wept, laughed, and shouted like a madman.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon their long, wearisome, perilous journey homeward. Suffice it to say, that Jack Hawksworth put forth all his experience, sagacity and many qualities, and brought his pretty little wife safely back among her friends, to their great wonder and delight, he himself becoming quite a lion among her countrymen for his brave exploit.

"Yes," Jack used to say, in winding up the narration of his adventures— "I held so often, over a bottle of whiskey, that he occasionally repeated it in his dreams—'Ye see when a big no' gets applied, as I've heard tell, they has what they calls their wedding t'ow; and so, in the fashion, me and Katy tuk ours amongst the Camanches, and I'm just one old scarp the richer for it. Whoop!"

A Belle of Barbours—The Old Slave Pen in Baltimore Barred.

Shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon a dense volume of smoke suddenly enveloped the warehouse of Messrs. Lewee & Isaac Baer, No. 11 Camden street, between Charles and Light streets, one of the most prominent and well-known business firms in that section of the city, and by the time the firemen arrived at the scene of disaster the entire building, which was about 150 feet in length and one story in height, was enveloped in flames. The flames spread so rapidly that not five dollars worth of goods were saved from the building where the fire originated.

One of the firm stated that the place must have been designedly fired. The contents of the building would have named the original No. 10, could he have looked into it after he had quitted his ark; not from the different varieties of animals it contained, for there were none there, although there were the hides of several, but from the endless number of odds and ends that were therein.

Among other things in the building there were 600 saddles, once used by the soldiers in the late rebellion, 1500 sets of harness, 33 bales of cotton, 1800 pounds of feathers, several hundred bales of rags, tons of old paper, copper enough to cover several vessels, shavers and picks to arm a colony of Chinese laborers, old rope enough to hang innumerable criminals, rugs sufficient to cover the nakedness of hundreds of paupers, old iron enough to furnish rails for a small railroad, John Brown picks, and, in fact, an abundance of all the odds and ends of creation.

Among the heterogeneous mass there was pointed out to the reporter the identical ram taken from the bow of the celebrated rebel Merrimack.

In 1815 this site was occupied by a building known as the State Armory, and on several occasions raids were made on it by belligerent parties, who rendered Baltimore famous for the many mobs that occurred.

In 1849 or 1850 the property was purchased by Mr. Donovan, the well-known slave trader. He improved the lot by erecting thereon a slave pen or jail. The slaves at the time were principally from Virginia, Delaware and the lower counties of Maryland.—Baltimore American.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

When Washington determined to cross the Delaware and surprise the Hessians at Trenton, his plans were discovered in some way by a Tory family living on the Pennsylvania side. A young man of this family was dispatched across the river to warn the Hessians of the coming of the Continental Army.

Col. Rahl. He reached Trenton in safety, and, going to the Hessians' headquarters, asked for an interview. This was refused by the sentry at the door, who said that the colonel could not obtain an audience, the young man went away, leaving a note, with the request that it should be given to Rahl immediately. This note contained the information that Washington would cross the river that night. It was carried to the colonel, who was engrossed with a game of chess. Hearing that it had been left by a young man, and apprehending no danger, he put it in his pocket and went on with the game. Before morning light he was aroused by the fierce attack of the Americans, who drove in his pickets and came suddenly upon the main body of the bewildered Hessians, who fled in all directions. Colonel Rahl mounted his horse, gallantly but vainly endeavoring to rally his disordered troops, and, as he rode back toward Trenton, after going some distance into the country, he was mortally wounded by a musket ball. He fell from his horse, was carried to a house (still pointed out) and died. In his pocket, after death, was found unopened the very note the young man had left for him the night before. So the story runs.

A Kansas lawyer, who wished to cross the Missouri river last winter on the ice was told that it was entirely safe to make the attempt, if he crawled over on his hands and knees. Anxious to go, he humbled himself accordingly, and had laboriously got half way across, when he was overtaken by a man driving along leisurely in a buggy. The rapidly with which he assumed an upright position was startling to the driver.

Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly astonished one day, as he was inspecting the prison in Washington, by a prisoner who familiarly said to him: "How are you, Mr. President? I'm glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in the jail at Springfield are the only ones I was ever in in my life," said Mr. Lincoln. "Very likely," responded the rogue; "but I have been in all the rest."

A famine is now prevailing in Persia. Thousands of the inhabitants are dying.

Hints to Lady Equestrians.

HOW TO TAKE HORSEBACK EXERCISE.

The ladies of Virginia are among the best equestrians in the land, far surpassing northern ladies in their command of the horse. The editor of the Lynchburg Republican, living among them, is well qualified to give the following hints in his interesting paper:

With the advent of the bright spring days, the delightful and healthy exercise of horseback riding again becomes possible. As it is every year becoming more fashionable the following hints will help many who are novices in the art of managing a horse, and some who think they know all about it.

There are few prettier sights than to see a lady, although it seems paradoxical to say so, yet it is not every fair equestrian who can ride. No lady can use a spur without damaging her habit more than her horse. Extreme neatness is the desideratum in a rider's "make up." No flying ribbons or feathers, but plainly made, well-fitting cloth habit, with a white linen collar and cuffs, fastened without ribbon or color, unless it be a silk handkerchief round the throat. A top hat with lace veil, for use as well as for ornament, twisted round it and over the hair, black gloves, and nothing can look better than when so attired.

Your horse is at the door, and now comes the tug of war. You have got to arrive at the top of fifteen, perhaps sixteen, hands. Puzling as the performance appears as you stand on the ground by his side, and the monster towers above you, nothing but knuck is wanted. Do not be in a hurry. Place the right hand firmly on the left pommel, and the left hand on the saddle or servant's shoulder. Stand steadily on the right foot, and place the left foot in his right hand. Wait one minute until you are sure the other is ready, and if you spring the moment he lifts his hand you are mounted gracefully, without any appearance even of difficulty. It is quite unnecessary to send a man's hat flying into the road, or to put your knees into his eyes; nor need he grasp you fast, as if you were a sack of flour fixed to a jointed crane, while you clutch and scramble up upon a double as if you were climbing the side of a man-of-war out of a scud-dy-boat. Nothing can be more idiotic.

People think they can not help it, and rather than look so ridiculous they have a chair or step brought, and "get on for themselves." It is much better to "get on" properly; besides that, when you do your habit is properly placed and set straight. Once mounted, take up your reins, and have your stirrup long enough; that is, have it so long that the leg is almost straight before the toe can reach it. Be sure all is right; then let your horse slip off quietly. Nothing is a sign of worse riding than to flurry and fluster to get off in a grand commotion; like truth, that subsides into flatness very soon. Sit square, the right knee pointing in a straight line between the horse's ears; ride on the shoulder of your horse, and not on his back, reserving the curb for emergencies, and treat your horse sensibly; his good qualities will be drawn into notice, and the worst animal, with rational treatment, shows the best he is capable of. Trotting is the pace at which horse and rider show to the best advantage. Any old screw can enter, but not every horse can trot well, nor is it to be trifled with. Ride your trot straight forward, without stopping, keeping the action of your horse. Your position should always be as if your eyes were fixed between the horse's ears. Some people ride quite independently of the horse's action, and having got their weight off the saddle on to their left leg, they stand in their stirrups, and only preserve their equilibrium, and get back into the saddle by a sort of twist, which has the appearance of the part of cork-screw that is turning the cork. When this movement is apparent, we may know that a fast trot could be impossible. Should the speed increase, the rider would find it hopeless to try and screw back, therefore she would ease to rise, and the sudden tightening of the rein breaks the trot to a canter, and the most beautiful action of the horse is lost. The art of riding is in the hand. A horse walks, trots or gallops, his worse or his best, according to the handling he receives. Keep the left knee slightly pressed to the saddle, and rise from it by the muscular action of the knee from the limb to the foot, rather than give pressure of the waist in the stirrup. The stirrup is intended rather to rest the leg than for anything else.

A spur is never needed. There is no horse that a man can not ride without one, and she will be better able to get on with by having a spur. Try and let a horse understand what you want him to do, and in nine cases out of ten, if you can do this, he will do what is required much better for himself than you can teach him. Usually the rider is uncertain, first what she wants done; then, of ten, especially if leaping is intended, her courage fails her, her nervousness is instantly communicated to the horse—the reins are more instantaneous conductors than any telegraph wire ever could be; and then he is blamed, when thus hurried and confused, for misunderstanding and blundering through what, if left to himself, he would have done perfectly well. Always have both hands ready for the reins, so that at any moment, by taking them in each hand, the most perfect control is obtained. A horse can not turn if you keep his head straight, the hand low and the whip held upward across the rider's knees. It is then ready, without difficulty, for instantly striking the horse on either shoulder or flank, as may be needed. A whip should not be carried for ornament, but for use; and should never touch a horse but in chastisement. Unless it be carried upright in this way, it is impossible to avoid its constantly tickling the right flank. This distracts a restive horse, and the most impressive acquire a kind of motion which is ugly.

John Wesley's First Sermon in America.

We recently copied in these columns a statement from the Brunswick (Ga.) Appeal to the effect that a number of Methodist divines, together with some friends, proceeded recently to St. Simon's Island, to visit and have photographed the venerable live oak under the umbrageous branches of which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached his first sermon in America. It is probable that the picture will be engraved on steel and offered for sale.

The live oak referred to, says the Savannah Republican, is a magnificent one, and has cast its shadow upon many a lively group in the flush times of St. Simon's, the farmers' Club house, to which all the Islanders were accustomed to resort on one day in every week, having staid in immediate proximity. For its own sake, as well as for its social history, it should not be photographed, for there is nothing approaching it on the Atlantic coast.

We never before heard that this monarch of the forest had a religious history. The church of Fredericks established by Charles Wesley, not John, was originally located and still stands a portion of its original timbers being yet incorporated with the oftentimes renewed buildings—in a beautiful grove of live oaks, some half mile or more in the rear of the town, or the site once occupied by the town, nothing of which remains but a few brick and tallow ruins.

John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, was occasionally at the Fredericks settlement, aiding in the work of his brother—which, unfortunately, was not a very successful one—but his "first sermon in America," was not preached on St. Simon's. His first religious ministrations in this country were delivered on Tybee, on the arrival of the immigrant ship that bore him to God, and consisted of thanksgiving to him for the safe deliverance of himself and fellow passengers, having landed for the special purpose. This was in February, 1736. The party then came up the river, and John Wesley's first sermon in America," according to his own private journal, was preached in the court-house in Savannah, on Sunday, 7th March, 1736, the text being the epistle for the day, the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

We dislike to spoil a handsome little photographic speculation, but this is history.

Heating by Circulation of Petroleum.

A new method of applying heat has recently been patented in England, and is now in use for working stone-ware pans, such as are required for pharmaceutical operations, by which any temperature between 100 degrees and 700 degrees Fahrenheit can be safely and easily obtained and maintained.

The principle in question is to cause heavy petroleum oil to circulate first through a coil of pipes in a furnace, and then through the jackets of the pans. The oil is carefully selected for the purpose from the heaviest of the petroleum products, and moved by its own convection. Heated in a close coil of pipe, by a coke fire, it rises into an air-tight tank, from which it passes through pipes to the jackets of the different vessels to be heated, returning after it has done its work to the lowest part of the furnace coil. A continuous circulation is thus maintained similar to that which occurs in a hot water apparatus for warming buildings. After leaving the tank the oil passes through a syphonometer, by which its temperature is indicated, and by means of dampers, etc., to the fire, the heat can be regulated to any required point. The heating medium is turned on or off the jackets in the same manner as steam, and as the rate of flow can be checked or augmented at will, the temperature is perfectly under the control of the operator.

In the metal which has been employed the pyrometer generally indicates from 600 degrees to 700 degrees Fahr, while a saturated solution of chloride of calcium is maintained at the boiling point in a shallow stone ware pan. No smell of oil is perceptible in the room, and it is stated that the same oil may be used for years without deterioration, or causing any deposit in the pipes. As contrasted with steam heat the inventor claims for his process a saving of 30 per cent. in fuel. It is obvious that the large amount of heat necessary to convert water at 212 degrees Fahr. into steam at 212 degrees Fahr. is hereby economized.—Editor's Scientific Record in Harper's Magazine for May.

The Maid of Saragossa.

Augustina, the celebrated Maid of Saragossa, was a handsome itinerant lemonade seller, twenty-two years of age. She arrived with food for the soldiers at the moment when the battery had been swept clear or every defender. The people, daunted by the sight, hung back. The brave woman instantly rushed forward over the dead and dying, and, snatching a lighted match from the hand of the dead artilleryman, fired off a twenty-six Winkler. Then jumping on the gun, as Winkler represents her, with disheveled hair and stormy eyes, she swore to the Virgin never to quit the gun until the siege lasted. The people, encouraged by this woman's almost supernatural daring, rushed back into the deserted battery, opened a tremendous fire and repulsed the French attack. When her husband fell wounded at her feet she discharged his cannon at the enemy to avenge his fall. She also frequently led the sorties, and, sword in hand, with her cloak wrapped round her, fought daily in the streets. When the city surrendered, Augustina was taken prisoner, but, catching the fever, was removed to the hospital and thence escaped. Manuela Sanchez, another heroine, less fortunate, was shot through the heart. The poor Countess Barita, after escaping innumerable dangers, died of grief on hearing that her daughter had been killed.

In Jail for Debt.

The following amusing story is told of Wertz, the celebrated German artist: